

Ex-CBI Roundup

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —



**APRIL
1956**





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EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA-BURMA-INDIA

Vol. 10, No. 4

April, 1956

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Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● Our recent day-by-day reports on the "Pilgrimage to India" apparently have stirred much thought among Roundup's readers. Many have already expressed a desire to go along on the next tour which we are tentatively planning for February, 1957. Speaking for every person who made the 1955 tour, we can tell you with conviction that it was the most outstanding, memorable experience of our lives. Our travel agents are reviewing future airline schedules and plans for the second Pilgrimage will be announced soon.

● We have received sufficient orders for the 24-copy Roundup Binders to warrant the manufacture of a quantity. We, therefore, have now some on hand for immediate delivery. They are \$3.00 each postpaid.

● When we purchased the large quantity of new merchandise in India last October the merchants assured us of prompt delivery. Having served in the Orient yourself, you know these promises are sometimes issued promiscuously. The last we heard, a portion of our shipment left Bombay aboard the S.S. President Grant on Jan. 25th and should arrive here about the middle of March. This consignment includes new items of brassware, wood carvings and sandalwood jewel boxes.

● Cover Subject: Elderly men and young children of Srinagar, Kashmir, relax while a wedding feast is being prepared in an open courtyard. Although the temperature outdoors was about 50 degrees, note the youngsters are barefooted and without coats.

APRIL, 1956



Familiar Ground

● Woodward's report of his tour to Assam (Feb.) takes me back to familiar ground. I lived with Josh Reynolds at Sealkotee for a year, and then with Colonel Russell Scott, and was the first occupant of the commanding officer's bungalow at NASAC. Col. Scott and I designed the C.O. bungalow for NASAC and sold the plan to Generals Hanley and Stratemeyer. It was a wonderfully comfortable and useful place with quarters for visiting V.I.P.'s.

(Gen.) L. WHITNEY
Evanston, Ill.

Top CBI Figure?

● I disagree with your opinion that General Stilwell was the most outstanding figure in CBI. I had heard of General Chennault long before the war, and there are people today who remember Chennault's Flying Tigers who never heard of Stilwell.

PHIL MARTINEZ,
Carlsbad, N.M.

716th Ammunition

● Some day I hope to read about my old outfit, the 716th Ammunition Renovation Co., in Roundup. It was one of those small unattached units stationed at Raidang, Assam, about five miles southeast of Sookerating Air Base. I was First Sergeant of the outfit.

ROBERT ALLISON,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Overjoyed Reader

● As a charter subscriber let me congratulate the staff of Ex-CBI Roundup on all issues. I am overjoyed with the description of the tour last fall.

Lt. Col. WM. VAN HOY,
Dugway, Utah

DEMOLITION AT LIUCHOW

From YANK, 1945

WHEN LIEUTENANT Norwood "Whiskers" Wilson arrived in Liuchow there were few at this advanced American air base who doubted that the city and its air facilities were doomed.

For it was this heavily-bearded former base commander at Hengyang who had presided over the evacuation and demolition of his own base, Lingling, Ehr Tong and the bomber field at Kweilin, all former U.S. bases laying in the path of the big Jap campaign to link Manchuria with Indo-China.

Liuchow was next and the onrushing Jap armies were converging on the city from the north and from the south. Wilson's arrival was the tipoff to a city which, from outward appearances, belied any such foreboding.

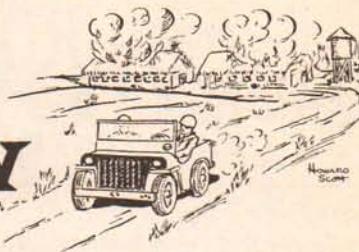
An atmosphere of deceptive calm lay over this ancient city, once famed as a manufacturing center for coffins and known in other days as the southern terminus of the "Opium Road."

In the Loh Chun hotel in the city, several miles from the airfield, GI's of the Air Service Command with business in town were still being served excellent meals by suave Chinese mess boys and sleeping in well-appointed rooms.

Leaden, rainy skies brooded non-operationaly low, sending mists swirling around hill tops and reducing to a faint hum the normal roaring of planes coming and going from the air base. For the past six weeks, since the destruction of most of the Kweilin fields, the Liuchow base had been the headquarters and right arm for intensive operations against Japanese troops and shipping by Brig. Gen. Clinton D. (Casey) Vincent's East China Wing fighters and bombers.

A few MP's continued to patrol their beats, altho the city had been out of bounds for weeks to soldiers not on official business. There were still a goodly number of Chinese civilians in the city, but it had ceased to be the refugee capital of south China. The great horde of refugees had swung westward and had bogged down at Ching Chen Chiang and Ishan for lack of transportation beyond these points. Liuchow had been restored to a semblance of its old provincial calm.

To make completely plausible the city's air of tranquility, a USO-Hollywood Victory Committee show, headed by Pat O'Brien and Jinx Falkenberg arrived to give a performance for the GI's at the air base. They came in time to be given a hot, pre-performance reception by Jap bombers that took the night before the



HOLES WERE dug in the runways of Liuchow Air Base by the Japanese before they were driven off by Chinese troops. This photo made the first day of the reoccupation. U.S. Army photo.

scheduled show to paste the air base for the 16th time in 48 days.

Four days later the tactical situation had reached such grave proportions that hope of keeping even a small part of the 14th Air Force's strength in that area was abandoned and everything was ordered flown elsewhere. To 1st Lt. Willard G.



FLAMES GUTTED several blocks of buildings in a section of Liuchow during the Japanese air raid of Sept. 24, 1944. U. S. Army photo.

Freeman of Concord, Mass., base commander, went the order from Gen. Vincent to carry out the base demolition plan.

While Freeman and his crew were burning buildings and blowing up bomb slots, transports were being loaded and flown out, with P-40's trailing them all the way. By early evening the burning of the buildings had been virtually completed, with headquarters, the hostels, and the mess hall now enveloped in a mass of flame.

At 0241 hours on November 8, 1944, two officers and three enlisted men of the Engineers sat in jeeps at the south end of a dispersal taxiway while ten to fifteen thousand Japanese troops converged on the field. Beside the two vehicles was an uncovered hole in which was buried a fused 1,000-pound bomb—one of the 81 such bombs buried throughout the field to blow it to hell and make it useless to the enemy when he arrived.

The rapidly shifting positions and movements of the enemy were then unknown, but final intelligence reports received 12 hours earlier located Jap cavalry forces 12 miles to the north of the field, 30 miles to the east and 50 miles to the southwest. The only escape route open for the demolition crew when they finished their work was the Liuchow-Nanning road down which they would have to travel 38 miles toward the oncoming Japs before they would reach Tatang where they could turn and head northwest toward safety. Whether or not the

enemy had taken Tatang and pushed nearer to Liuchow in the past 12 hours was anybody's guess.

Burning of the installations had been going on since early the previous afternoon. By 0230 hours the following day the destruction of the base had been carried out except for the blowing up of the main runway, fighter strip, taxiways and dispersal revetment areas. Lt. Freeman and all but five of the original demolition crew of 23 men then left the base in motor vehicles to proceed to a rendezvous point a few miles southwest of Liuchow where they would wait for the Engineers to join them after the field's demolition.

It was this group of five Engineers who waited in the two jeeps beside the 1,000-pound bomb.

In one vehicle was Capt. James T. Sabel of Cadiz, Ky., who was in charge of the five-man detail and who was making his debut as a demolition expert. With him were 1st Lt. Emil Heineke of Lovelock, Nev.; Sgt. Anthony T. Turato of New York City; Sgt. John T. Galloway of Corona, N.Y., and Cpl. Rudolph P. Nagel of Cheyenne, Wyo.

Their job was to drive down the field and set the buried bombs off by pulling the hand fuse lighters. These bombs were buried nose down and were fused with blocks of TNT to which were attached seven-minute lengths of time fuse.

A cold, driving rain was falling as it had been doing intermittently for the past five days. As the detail stopped before the first bomb in line each man felt a dread that the steady downpour would cause malfunctioning of the time fuses and lighters.

If so the whole job would have to be done over, wiring and fusing and then setting the bombs off a few at a time



VIEW OF LIUCHOW airstrips, showing revetments, taxiways and demolition holes. U. S. Army photo.

before the fuses could get wet. This meant hours more of work with the possibility that the enemy would reach the field before demolition could be completed.

Capt. Sabel pulled the hand lighter on the first bomb. Wet, it came off without igniting the fuse. He put on another lighter and this time the fuse ignited with a gentle hissing sound. He leaped back into the jeep driven by Lt. He neke and raced down the taxiway, followed by the second jeep with Turato, Galloway and Nagel. This second jeep followed for use in an emergency in case of mechanical failure of the lead vehicle.

The next four lighters lit their fuses when pulled, but the sixth failed to work and had to be replaced. The speed of operations was appreciably slower than called for in the demolition plan. The rain caused poor visibility and made it diffi-

cult to see the bomb holes in the jeeps' headlights. The next three lighters functioned and the first bombing run was over.

The men drove to a safe distance from the last bomb and waited for the already overdue explosions which should have started about half-way down the taxiway.

"They won't work!" Capt. Sabel said. "I've been afraid of this all evening. Too much rain!"

Then, 18 minutes after pulling the first lighter, four blasts were heard in rapid succession and the men mentally chalked off that taxiway.

THE CREW then drove to the end of the fighter strip, which housed eleven 1,000-pound bombs for its destruction.

The hand fuse lighters on the second and sixth bombs were no good and had to be changed. On the eighth bomb, Sabel pulled the lighter, found it defective and put on two more in succession. Neither ignited the fuse. He then tried to light it with matches which were quickly put out by the rain. As he struggled with the matches, the first bomb thundered at the opposite end of the strip.

"Boy, what a beautiful sound!" exclaimed Cpl. Nagel.

Sabel nodded and continued with his work, finally lighting the fuse.

Sixteen minutes from the time the first fuse had been lit, the run had been completed and a satisfying roar hit the crew's ears as their own strip was blown sky-high behind them.

The men felt better now. The bombs had gone off on schedule and the threat of Japs arriving before they had finished their job was erased from their thoughts. They laughed and joked as they waited for the last bomb to go off on the strip. Even Capt. Sabel's stern face relaxed in a grin. They had, to all appearances, forgotten the little matter of their own getaway when the whole job was done.

When the last bomb went off they drove to the north end of the strip to inspect the damage. There they found a crater about 15 feet deep and 35 feet in diameter. The whole end of the strip was deeply littered with rocks and earth.

The preliminaries were now over. Next came the main event, a synchronized, double-feature action in which the main runway and the parallel taxiway would be blown up together.

The runs were split up this time, Heinke, Galloway and Nagel pulling the lighters on the main runway and Sabel and Turato on the taxiway.

The simultaneous runs were necessary because of the closeness of the runway

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and the taxiway. Blowing up either alone would have littered the other so much that a jeep could not have traversed it to make a run.

Heineke and his men had 30 bombs to locate and set off. Sabel and Turato only 10. It was therefore necessary that Sabel's jeep keep abreast of the other. Otherwise he could get too far ahead of them and endanger them from explosions on the taxiway.

On the main runway the 30 bombs were spaced in three rows of 10 bombs each. Each man in Heineke's jeep took a row. Each had a few seconds to locate his bomb in the rainy darkness only partially dispelled by the jeep's headlights.

Then, Heineke would yell: "Ready?" As each man found his bomb he would call back: "Okay." Then Heineke would command: "Pull!"

At most of the stops one or more of the wet lighters had to be replaced. Halfway down the main runway, Cpl. Nagel was putting another lighter on his fuse, while the fuses of 14,000 pounds of bombs were burning behind the waiting jeep. As he worked, a roar from the end of the runway announced the explosion of the first bomb. He finished his job, ran back to the jeep and it headed for the sixth stop. On the way, a second explosion occurred.

While the crew was working on the seventh row of bombs there was another explosion, then four more followed, like a string of super-giant firecrackers going off. "See how fast you can run now, Pop," said Sgt. Galloway to the 38-year-old Nagel at the eighth stop. Here, Galloway's lighter needed changing and as he worked four more explosions sounded in quick succession.

They then continued to go off at close intervals while the crews finished the runway and taxiway and headed for the east dispersal taxiway.

Both crews worked this one, leap-frogging from stop to stop. At the halfway mark the bombs behind them started going off. It was 0418 hours now, two hours and 17 minutes after pulling the lighter on the first bomb.

Their job was done. The dangers involved were obvious but it had to be done to assure the safety of other U.S. air bases in the area. With dozens of craters on the long airstrips and taxiways and all of the buildings burned to the ground, Liuchow air base would not be much good to the Japs for some time to come.

The next problem was getting away. The jeeps sped from the razed, blasted base and headed down the Liuchow-Nanning highway to join the rest of the demolition crew waiting for them a few miles away. To their left they could see dark geysers of earth shooting high into the air as the east dispersal taxiway blew up. A few big fires were still burning on the field, but most had burned out.

A short distance down the road the five-man detail joined forces with Lt. Freeman and his crew. The convoy then raced toward Tatang — hopefully.

After two hours of driving Tatang was reached. An artillery officer whose combat team was on duty there with Chinese troops met them.

"Don't take more than 10 minutes to get out of town," he told them.

They didn't. In the center of the town they turned northwest and headed for a base 700 miles away. —THE END



LIUCHOW AIR BASE, as seen from the high control tower in the center of the field. Photo taken from the north, facing west. U. S. Army photo, Oct. 1, 1944.

In Pictures —

MY TOUR TO ASSAM

By Charles L. Woodward

EDITOR'S NOTE: Charles L. Woodward of Coldwater, Mich., was a member of the "Pilgrimage to India" tour party. At New Delhi on Nov. 2, 1955, Woodward left the group and journeyed by air to Mohanbari, Assam, to revisit the site of former U. S. air bases in the area. His story appeared in the February issue. These are some of the pictures he took during his visit.



THE TEZPUR tower, with VHF radio, is still being used. This is one of the pictures which the Indians agreed to let me take after some fast talking.



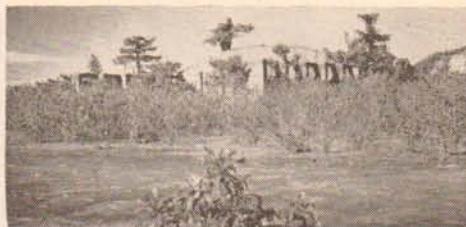
ALL THAT is left of a nose hangar at the 377th area on Mohanbari airfield. Both nose hangars were showing, but only one of the large hangars. Even the bricks of the other one were gone.



MOHANBARI CORNER on the S.O.S. road between Dibrugarh and Tinsukia. Large Quartermaster warehouses once stood where the cows are grazing. The concrete floors have all been broken up for the stone in them.



PART OF the old 51st Air Service Group area at Mo-hanbari. The 59th Orderly Room and the tent area was once where the bamboo now stands 30 feet high. The tracks are all that is left of the main road into the area.



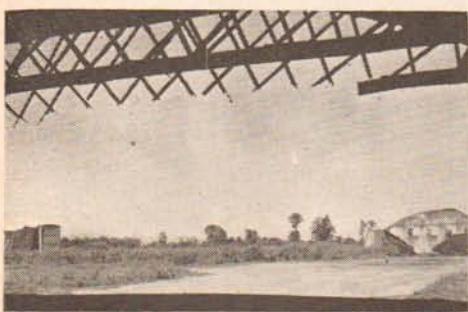
SOME OF the Dinjan wallahs may be able to identify these hangars, which were at the north end of the field. One of the taxistrips is in foreground.



ENTRANCE TO Chabua airfield, taken from the railroad tracks. The sign at right belongs to an Indian Army work unit. Not much traffic here now.



THE NEW AURORA Theater at Dibrugarh is the modern building in background, with the old theater now being called the Rangghar.



THE NASAC Hangar area at the north end of Chabua airfield, looking out from the hangar we used as a parts supply room and office. The 48th Air Depot stood in the background to the left.



My driver, with chauffeur's cap, couldn't speak any English and my Hindusthani expressions were mostly derogatory, so we had quite a time until we resorted to sign language. Photo taken on the street where the Anglican Church stood in Dibrugarh. The actual spot where the church stood is now one block out into the river.



PARKING in the middle of Chabua airfield wasn't a healthy practice when most of us were there for the first time, but there is no danger now. Skid marks left by wartime planes are still there.



THIS IS ALL that is left of the 234th General Hospital on the Sealkotee Tea Estate near Chabua. Some may remember the Tea Estate Hospital itself which stood to the east. It is still there, about twice as large, and very nicely kept. The some of the 234th buildings are still standing, they are deserted.



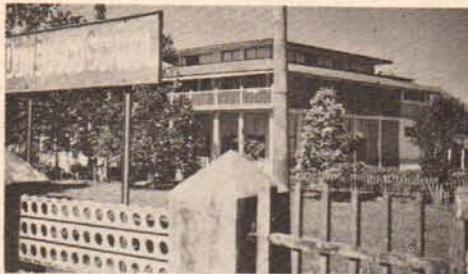
MOST EVERYONE who was stationed in Assam will remember this village. It is Chabua, as seen on the railway sign on the right. It is once again a drowsy little bus stop. The police station on the left is still in use.



THIS GATEWAY once marked the entrance to the American Military Cemetery, near Chabua. Many Americans were buried here during the war and their bodies removed and transferred to the U.S. and Hawaii in 1947-48.



DIBRUGARH is a busy place these days. This shot is taken in front of the Aurora Theater looking north. The nice building on the left is now the downtown office of Indian Airlines Corporation. There is little evidence of flood damage on this thoroughfare.



ROMAN CATHOLIC Mission School in Dibrugarh, where I was billeted and had my meals. Just visible on the right is the boys' classroom building which was built with funds donated by GI's in the area during the war. Probably the first thing that caught your eye in this picture is the fence. A portion of it is made from portable metal airstrip matting.

In the course of Woodward's tour in Assam last November, he revisited many of our former U.S. Army Air Corps bases, tea plantations, villages and cities. He has graciously offered to answer any questions which ex-Assam wallahs might have to ask concerning his tour to that area. Write Charles Woodward, 163 Marshall St., Coldwater, Mich., and enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope for reply.

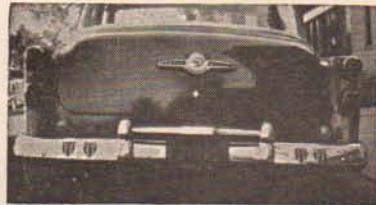
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Wisconsin Reunion

● There will be a big Midwest roundup for CBI Veterans in Jefferson, Wis., next April 28. A lot of Reunionites from St. Louis will remember the dandy time we had with "Snooky" Adams and many were interested in this gathering at the time. A complete schedule has not been drawn up but it will be a \$7.50 tab per couple and will include a dandy banquet dinner, free beer, music, dancing, and many prizes. We would like to see a lot of Wisconsin and Illinois CBI-ers there and maybe a few from other neighboring states. All interested parties may write Red Adams, Wisconsin Hotel, Jefferson, Wis., for further details.

GENE BRAUER,
Milwaukee, Wis.

No Servant!

● The photo on page 14 Feb. issue, which shows me taking a picture of a "servant" . . . that servant is, in reality, Paul Burge. Also, to keep the record straight, Charles Woodward should get the credit for our meeting with U. S. Ambassador to India, John Sherman Cooper, and not myself.

LARRY LEENHOUTS,
Brookline, Mass.



STREET SCENE in Old Delhi, near Jama Masjid. This was a favorite shopping area of GI's during the war.

Assam Bunk Mates

● Charles L. Woodward's article on his tour to Assam (Feb.) was particularly interesting to me because we bunked together for some time in India at the 51st Air Service Group.

ROY KINGHAMMER,
Wichita, Kansas

Delhi Signal Section

● Your tour must have been wonderful and I have enjoyed reading each article. Would like hearing from any of the group in the Signal Section (SIS) who were stationed in New Delhi.

JACK BARKER.
309 So. Crest Rd.,
Chattanooga, Tenn.

330th "Gear Grinders"

● My outfit was the 330th Engineer Regt., Co. D of the 2nd Bn. Our main job was building and maintaining the Ledo Road. Most of my time in CBI I was a truck driver. Some of the fellows called us gear grinders, but we did our job the best way we knew how and hoped for the best. I think if the truth were known there was a lot of praying done in the cab of a six-by-six. Some of those hills curves were really treacherous. I drove in the second convoy from Ledo to Kunming. It took us 11 days to make the trip and we flew back to a base near Calcutta in eight hours. This was my first plane ride, a ride I'll never forget! Would be glad to hear from any Co. D men.

EARL ETZEL,
4954 24th Ave.,
Port Huron, Mich.

Photo Credits

● You have given me credit for taking the picture of "Old 59" on page 4 of the March issue. I purchased this and others from our squadron photographer and the credit is his, not mine.

JAMES HANKINSON,
Essexville, Mich.

Many photos sent in by readers are not their own. The credit line indicates that person has loaned the picture for publication.—Ed.



CHINESE SHOE repairman at work along street in a Chinese village near Kunming. Photo by Neil L. Maurer.

CBI Engineer Dies

• Joseph E. Elliott, 53, a captain in the Engineers in CBI, has passed away. At the time of his death he was general commercial manager for Southwestern Gas & Electric Co. at Shreveport, La.

DALLAS H. WILSON,
Hughes Springs, Tex.

89th Airdrome Sq.

• I attended the St. Louis Reunion and although I met only one of my old outfit, Bill Cantrell, of the original 89th Airdrome Squadron, I had a fine time and hope to meet more old friends at Houston this summer.

CLAUDE LEEDOM,
Quincy, Ill.

Assam Bases

• Am greatly enjoying your round-the-world descriptions and hope you can give more dope on the present condition of the Assam bases and whether the Scotchmen are still holding out up there on the tea plantations. Am enclosing \$10 for subscriptions to Veterans Hospitals.

Col. H. G. GERDES,
Oakland, Calif.



MANY OLD China hands may recall this street scene in Chihkiang.
Photo by Neil L. Maurer.

Enthusiasm Unabated

• Am very much afraid I have let my subscription expire, certainly not intentionally. And of all times! Wishing not to miss any reports on the world tour, please make the subscription retroactive. My enthusiasm for the magazine is something which cannot quite be appreciated by anyone who has not been in the CBI, but remains unabated. I have had an enjoyable 18 months in our Paris dispensary but plan on an additional year in Germany. Only one disad-

vantage to being in the service at this time—I had to miss that glorious Pilgrimage to India. Perhaps some day. Meanwhile, please hurry those issues along.

Capt. JEANNE HILLEN,
APO, New York

Soarerating Pilot

• Did not know Roundup existed until Temple Bowen of Ft. Worth sent me a couple of issues. Was stationed at the 1337th AAFBU, Soarerating, and was Director of Operations there a good part of that time. Since I was a pilot, I flew over a major part of India including a vacation in Kashmir. Hence your story about the Pilgrimage to India was most interesting.

MILLARD A. WEBB,
Hart, Texas

422nd Signal Co.

• Recently had the good fortune to meet a local resident who told me about the magazine and loaned me several back issues. Having spent two years with the 422nd Signal Co. (Avn.) in various parts of India, Burma, and finally China, the contents of these back issues thrilled me and brought to mind places and names that had started to fade in my memory.

GILBERT R. STRAUB,
Kingston, N.Y.



CHAPLAIN JAMES Kelly, 12th Air Service Group, conducts roadside service near Kunming, China. Photo by Neil L. Maurer.

Pilgrimage To India



By CLARENCE GORDON
Managing Editor

ON OCTOBER 8, 1955, a group of 26 CBI veterans, wives and friends left New York on a 45-day 'round-the-world "Pilgrimage to India." The story of the first portion of our journey, including Paris, Rome, Athens, Cairo, Bombay, New Delhi, Kashmir, Jaipur, Agra, Banaras, Calcutta, Bangkok and Hong Kong appeared in the January, February and March issues. Following is the concluding portion of our tour which begins upon leaving Hong Kong on Nov. 12th.

PART FOUR

Our route to Tokyo is via Formosa, Okinawa and Southern Japan, due to the threat from Red China. The flight is nearly an hour longer than if we were permitted to fly over China's mainland.

We were happy that this is a daylight flight, one of the few on this tour. Aside from the islands of Formosa and Okinawa, we saw nothing until we reached the Japanese mainland.

It was 7:30, Japan time, when we approached Tokyo. The lights of this city of 8,000,000 from the air is a sight to behold.



We landed at Tokyo International Airport, ten years ago a Japanese fighter plane base. Its very size is hard to comprehend, it is so huge, and the very modern airport terminal building was opened only recently.

Customs red tape here applies mostly to the amount of currency brought in. You can't take out of the country more than you bring in, and to help keep you honest the Japanese Customs officials provide you with a booklet in which an entry is made each time you cash a traveler's check.

It is dark, of course, when we leave the airport and the weather mighty cool. We are introduced to our Japanese guides (there are three of them) who will be with us during our five-day stay.

Tokyo, we found, is a very modern city with only slight touches of the past. Many women still wear the padded komonos, often associated with Japan. There are even a few bicycle rickshaws, but otherwise it is a modern city with a touch of the Far East thrown in.

It is 9 p.m. when we arrived at the Imperial Hotel, barely in time to be served our past-due dinner.

The Imperial Hotel's architecture is unusual, to say the least. One of our group says it is a monstrosity, which is probably pretty close to the truth. Ironically, it was designed in the 1920's by an American who undoubtedly felt Japan needed something different. They got it!

The new section of the hotel, however, is as modern a building as you'll find anywhere.

NOVEMBER 13—Despite the fact today is Sunday, all of the many deluxe department stores are open—and crowded. Sunday is not a religious day of rest in Buddhist and Shintoist Japan, tho some stores observe a one-day holiday each week.

The morning is free and many took advantage of shopping opportunities in Tokyo's Ginza district, within walking distance of the hotel.

The population is very friendly toward Americans, a feather in the cap of our fathers of foreign policy. We are not treated as the conquerors of a decade ago, but rather, as honored guests.

Tho Tokyo was severely bombed by our B-29's, we saw little evidence of it.



WINDOW SHOPPING on Tokyo's "Ginza."

The streets are almost congested with Japanese on a prosperous buying spree.

After lunch at the hotel we began our sightseeing program in two Japanese buses. We visited the Imperial Palace Plaza (no one is permitted inside), the Diet Building, Meiji Shrine, Rikugien Garden and Asakusa Park.

Rikugien Garden is a vast public park with all of the scenery you'd expect to find in a Japanese garden — the tiny bridges, lakes, trees, flowers, etc. The park was filled with local picnickers and sightseers.

This was our first look at Japan, its people. We liked what we saw and are eager for more of the same.

At 4 p.m. we returned to our hotel for the balance of the day. One of our group, Dr. Nelson, did not make the sightseeing tour with us. Instead, he had gone to the baseball stadium to see our own New York Yankees who were in Tokyo. We saw the last inning on television in the hotel and remarked, "Dr. Nelson had to come all the way to Tokyo to see the New York Yankees!"

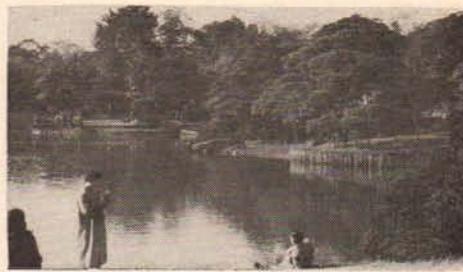
Today is a happy occasion for Mr. & Mrs. Al Brown. Their son, Edward, stationed in Japan with the U.S. Army, had been furloughed to join his parents and our group on our tour of Japan.

The Japanese are apparently cold-blooded. The Imperial Hotel is like an ice-box, with the temperature around 45 degrees outside. Not that they don't have heat, for the radiators were lukewarm.

If you're used to warmer surroundings, like this wallah, you climb into bed to keep warm. That's what I did!

NOVEMBER 14—We had always pictured Japan as a country of warm climate and paper houses. At 7 a.m. this morning it is cold outside, and we learned the only paper used in Japanese homes these days is in the interior room doors.

A marvelous program is mapped out for us today and we are eager to get going. Because the seats on Japanese buses are very short on width, we had



ASAKUSA PARK in Tokyo, beautifully landscaped, a mecca for tourists and local populace alike.

two buses so everyone would have a double-seat to himself.

Today we will motor to Atami-on-the-sea by bus, and from there catch a fast overnight sleeper train to Kyoto.

We left the Imperial Hotel, lock, stock and baggage, at 8:30 and headed south for Yokohama. It is a pleasant, interesting drive thru Tokyo and its suburbs. Every few minutes a fast express train whizzed by on the four-track line paralleling the highway.

Shortly before we left the U.S. we had seen a color film on Japan in which the narrator exclaimed, "See Japan, but please meet my people!" We are seeing the people, in shops, in fields and along the highway.

New houses and buildings are under construction everywhere. Factories are working full blast, turning out peace-time merchandise and equipment for the economy of the new Japan.

Not far out of Tokyo we could see Mt. Fuji in the distance, tho shrouded in haze.

We passed thru Yokohama, by several U. S. Army camps, and in the outer shopping section.

The terrain between Tokyo and Yokohama is flat, and the two cities with their suburbs nearly touch each other. Yokohama claims more than 1,000,000 people.

Leaving Yokohama we drove along the many miles of scenic beach and picturesque summer resorts in such cities as Kamakura, Katase, Oiso and Odwara before turning northward into the pretty mountains, toward Mt. Fujiyama.

At Kamakura we stopped to see the world's largest bronze Buddha, situated amidst a magnificent backdrop of trees and mountains.

We began to climb a mountain pass to Miyanoshita, a dream resort 1300 feet above sea level. We had lunch at the Fujiya Hotel here, said to be one of the most glamorous resorts in all Japan. It would have been a photographer's



HAZEL DEAN boarding streamlined Japanese bus for sightseeing tour of city.



TOUR MEMBERS pose in front of The Great Buddha, said to be the largest bronze Buddha in the world. Kamakura, Japan.

paradise if the sun were not on the wrong side.

Included on the hotel's grounds are typically exotic Japanese gardens, water-wheels, and liberally landscaped, all on a steep hillside among the beautiful Japanese cypress trees.

The hotel itself is the last word in comfort, except again there is an appalling lack of heat. Strictly a summer resort.

On leaving the Fujiya Hotel we began an ascent to 3580 feet above sea level over a very scenic pass, then dropping down to 2400 feet at Lake Hakone.

Here, in Hakone National Park, in the splendor of a scenic paradise, we had tea at the Hakone Hotel.

From Lake Hakone you see Mt. Fuji at its best, forming the attractive background for a large blue lake with a red Shinto gate on the opposite shore. You could never fully grasp this view unless you were there. It appeared as a painting of an artist's imagination.

It is 3 p.m. now and the buses head south toward the seaside resort town of Atami. All of this high-country scenery is breath-takingly beautiful, but the last portion of the road—over Atami Pass—is extremely rough-riding and narrow.

Thirty minutes before we arrived in Atami we rounded a curve on a mountainside, high above the city. It's a thrilling sight, the lights of Atami on the bay. We were less than a mile from our hotel—straight down! But by the cruelly-winding road it is six miles.

It is dark as we enter the city and we didn't see much of Atami on the way to the hotel on a mountainside.

Here, at the Atami Hotel, we would have dinner and stay until train time at 10 p.m. It is cold outside, and nearly as cold in the hotel, except for the heated dining room.

At this hotel we suffered our first and only tragedy of the tour. While at dinner, parties unknown broke into the room in which some of our ladies had placed personal belongings. Everything in the room was stolen, including purses, movie and still cameras, overnight bags, and—really tragic—badly needed coats.

The theft was discovered only minutes before we were to leave for the railway station to catch our overnight train to Kyoto.

Police were called and one of our Japanese guides remained behind to assist the police. All of the stolen articles were insured, but irreplaceable were the many rolls of movie and still film compiled on our tour.

We arrived at the railway station on time, some of the ladies wearing men's coats.

The railroads of Japan nearly always run on time. Our train is due at 10:32 p.m. and we were warned we'd have exactly **one minute** to board it and get our luggage on. The train pulled into the station on the dot and we rushed aboard our chartered Pullman car. Our baggage was frantically shoved on behind us and as the last piece was placed in the car, the train started.

Our berths were ready and we would have about seven hours sleep before our train arrived at Kyoto at 6:40 a.m.

NOVEMBER 15—The sleeper was quite comfortable and warm. We were awakened in time to be ready to get off the train at Kyoto. We'd have 10 minutes to leave the car, which didn't rush us quite so much.

Kyoto is a city of 1,000,000, the oldest city in Japan. It is scenically located in the mountains, 300 miles south of Tokyo.

It wasn't as cold as we imagined it would be when we left the train. It is only a short bus ride thru the city to our hotel, The Miyako.

It seems that most of Japan's luxury



FUJIYA HOTEL, high in the mountains at Myano-shita, Japan. This hotel was seen in the current movie, "Bridges of Toko-Ri."



GATEWAY TO Shinto Shrine at Kyoto, Japan.

hotels are located on hillsides, and you can readily depend upon beautiful gardens on the grounds. Such is the Miyako.

We ate a delicious breakfast in the dining room, overlooking the city and with an excellent view of the mountains on the outskirts of Kyoto.

Today is our only day for sightseeing here, so we got an early start.

Sleek, streamlined Japanese buses (2) took us first to Nijo Castle, a massive mansion built in 1626. Its main characteristics are the beautiful gardens and spacious grounds.

Also visited were the old Imperial Palace—when Kyoto was Japan's capitol—and two outstanding Shinto Shrines.

Our buses here are "equipped" with young Japanese stewardesses whose only job appeared to be assisting us on and off the bus.

After lunch at the hotel our streamlined buses departed for a tour to Nara, 25 miles away.

Our guide is a short fellow with a mouth full of gold teeth. Burge has nicknamed him "Fort Knox," which stuck thruout our tour in Japan. He is probably a frustrated music teacher as he has insisted on singing Japanese songs for us at appropriate intervals. If we are passing thru a village where the farmers are bringing in vegetables, he would give forth with a song to fit, to the delight of everyone on board. As tho this is not enough, he has made copies of the words to "The Coal Miners' Song" in Japanese which he passed out to us so we could sing along with him.

Nara, like most of Japan, is very scenic, in mountainous terrain. We stopped at the fashionable Nara Hotel for tea before continuing our sightseeing.

Nara is most famous for its Temple of 1001 Lanterns and the large Deer Park. In the latter, hundreds of tame deer eat crackers from your hand.

We returned to the Miyako Hotel in Kyoto at 5:30. We had until 7 to dress for a surprise dinner. Larry had arranged something really unusual for the evening, and no one had any idea of what it would be.

Our buses took us to a real Japanese restaurant—The Hamamura—on a back-street of Kyoto. It is so different from anything we had ever seen, and with the usual beautiful gardens to go with it.

We had to remove our shoes before being ushered by bowing hostesses to a large private room upstairs that would hold all of our party.

On the neat matted floor were six low tables, with five pillows before each. This is the full extent of the furnishings except for wall decorations and the pretty paper sliding doors.

Each of the tables had a sunken bucket in the center in which a hot charcoal fire was burning. We were to have "Sukiyaki," and it would be prepared and cooked right before our eyes. A thoroughly enjoyable experience!

A komono-clad girl was furnished each table. She is the cook. After we were seated cross-legged on the pillows, a crew of Geisha girls came with pitchers of saki, the national drink of Japan. I had always assumed any wine was served cold, or at best, room temperature. But saki, we found, is served piping hot. It is different, and rather good. At any rate we downed many tiny cupfuls in the course of the evening.

The Geisha girls rotated among the tables, helping to serve and pour more saki for us.

Meanwhile, the cook gave each of us a raw egg and a bowl. We were to beat the egg until thoroughly mixed. Then the hot food—meat, vegetables and rice—is placed in the bowl, cooking the eggs. This is sukiyaki, and it is not only unusual, but very delicious!

Today is Bill Page's birthday and Larry had secretly arranged a surprise birth-



GEISHA GIRLS pose with tour party at Japanese restaurant in Kyoto.



STREET SCENE at Kamakura, Japan, site of the Great Buddha. Dr. Drommer is about to board the bus.

day cake. It was served as dessert for our group, after Bill blew out the single candle on the ornate piece of pastry.

After the lengthy dinner and many goblets of saki later, the tables were cleared and removed from the room, leaving only the pillows. Some of us discovered we were older than we thought when we tried to stand after sitting cross-legged for an hour!

Now comes the entertainment. Against a hastily-erected screen backdrop, the Geisha girls—five of them—danced while a sixth played a weird stringed instrument and sang mournful Japanese songs. It was exciting entertainment, and later the Geishas brought some of our people into the act, having them dance along with them to the hilarious delight of the group.

Everyone agreed it was a most unusual but very wonderful experience.

A pleasant surprise awaited us upon our return to our hotel. The Japanese guide which we left behind to assist police in Atami, had arrived and brought with him all of the ladies' coats which were recovered. The thieves had apparently abandoned these on the beach at Atami. They were badly needed in the cool weather of Japan and we were most happy to get them.

NOVEMBER 16—It was raining heavily when we came down to the dining room for breakfast. Our train for Tokyo doesn't leave until 1 p.m. so we will have a shopping tour from 9 to 12 and our luggage will be carried with us on the bus.

Dr. Kaplan has just remembered that he placed \$50 in cash in a hidden pocket in his coat, to be used in case of emergency. The coat was sent to a cleaner in New Delhi—over two weeks ago—and upon inspection this morning he found the coat was thoroughly cleaned—also of the \$50. "The most expensive cleaning job I ever had," he complained.

Our shopping tour proved to be most interesting and a morning well spent. We visited the small factories where silk is woven into exotic patterns, saw cloissone in various stages of manufacture, and watched the ancient art of lacquering. Later we saw wood-cutting, with application to silk and paper.

Everyone did a great deal of shopping at the factory showrooms, buying such bargains as cloissone earrings for 27c, silk paintings for 35c, and large ceramic figures for 55c a pair.

There are plenty of eye-opener bargains to be had in Japan. All you need, Page says, is the yen and room for the excess baggage.

The rain didn't keep our train from arriving on time. We had two minutes to board it here, twice as much time as we had in Atami. We had nearly one whole reclining chair car of this fast express train. We are due in Tokyo at 8:30 p.m. and we had no doubt it would arrive on time.

It rained all day, tho it was warm in our coach. We were given lunch in a unique bamboo basket which many saved as souvenirs. Dinner was in the dining car, just before we arrived back in Tokyo.

For Japanese railways we can say only that they are efficiently operated and with fairly modern, good and clean equipment.

There are many tunnels thru the mountains, the longest of which is nearly five miles in length, just south of Atami. The scenery—when we were not in tunnels—is supreme, even in the rain.

We arrived at the Imperial Hotel before 9 p.m., in plenty of time to rearrange our baggage for U. S. Customs inspection on arrival at Honolulu. We are allowed \$500 each duty free. That's \$1,000 per couple. But we must list everything and have it in one suitcase ready for inspection on our return to the U. S.—Honolulu, in our case.



TOUR MEMBERS walking toward the Imperial Hotel in downtown Tokyo.

Our rooms are in the new section of the Imperial Hotel this night. And these were the last word in modern living.

NOVEMBER 17—The rain stopped during the night and it is a beautiful sunny day. We are "on our own" today until plane time at 11:45 tonight. This is the first full day we had to shop in Tokyo and most everyone lost no time in getting down to the Ginza.

My feet were worn down to the ankles by noon as we walked from shop to shop, store to store. I was stunned to see in a large department store a large scale model of a U. S. battleship. On its bow was painted, "U. S. S. Missouri."

We hailed a tiny taxicab to take us back to the hotel. The driver started off before we discovered he could speak no English. We had walked so far that the exact location of our hotel was lost to me.

After we had driven many miles, and stopped many non-English-speaking policemen, we finally located a Japanese who could tell our driver where we wanted to go. We had driven a total of 12 miles to get to our hotel, which was only about 6 blocks from where we hailed the taxi.

After lunch a party of a dozen or so attended the so-called musical production, "Pink Gloves." Except for the more elaborate sets used in the Follies Bergere, "Pink Gloves" is identical in nature. About 50 pretty, young Japanese girls wearing only a G-string, danced and sang their way to fame for the mixed Western and Oriental audience.

We left by bus for the airport at 9:45 p.m. Our three Japanese guides accompanied us and "Fort Knox" gave a pathetically sorrowful speech.

"You are leaving us now," he began. "We will miss you very much. You are good people. Americans are so good to us. We hope you will come to Japan again soon."

Customs formalities in leaving the country was the toughest yet. Perhaps, by coincidence, we were serviced by a poor batch of Customs officials. In any event, they were so slow and inefficient it took nearly two hours to be cleared.

Our plane, a huge double-decker Boeing Strato-Clipper, "Queen of the Pacific," was 15 minutes late in leaving due to waiting for all passengers to clear Customs.

This plane normally flies the "Jet Stream" route to Honolulu. The "Jet Stream," we were told, is an air current which blows 200 m.p.h. at altitudes of from 19,000 to 25,000 feet, from west to



PAN AMERICAN Superstratocruiser which took us from Tokyo to Honolulu.

east. If it is traveling in our direction, we would chop five hours from our schedule, traveling non-stop 550 miles per hour. If it is not going in the right direction, then the trip takes 17 hours by way of Wake Island.

The Jet Stream is not going in our direction and our pilot announced we would arrive at Wake Island in 8 hours.

We took off at midnight, Tokyo time.

NOVEMBER 18 — We sighted Wake Island at 10 a.m., local time. It is beautiful from the air, but so small! We wondered how the U. S. Marines managed to withstand the terrible bombings and shellfire in 1941 as long as they did.

The runway begins at one end of the island and stops at the ocean's edge on the other. It is lengthy, however.

Our plane taxied to the terminal building from where a PAA bus took us the few hundred feet to the dining room for breakfast. Afterward we explored a small portion of the island while waiting for our plane to be serviced.

A sunken Japanese merchant ship, bow still showing above the water, is seen in the distance. Rusted anti-aircraft guns still stand as monuments to the



TERMINAL BUILDING at Wake Island, seen from plane.

bloody days of Wake's siege. Now the island is an important servicing point on trans-Pacific air routes.

Our plane was ready shortly and we took off again for Honolulu at 11 a.m. Our pilot estimated the flying time at 8 hours, 15 minutes, making a total of less than 17 hours for the whole flight. By sea it would take about 13 days.

NOVEMBER 17 — An hour away from Wake Island we cross the International Dateline. Therefore, we experience the phenomena of having left Tokyo November 17th, arriving at Wake Island on November 18th, and in a few more hours we will arrive at Honolulu on November 17th! Confusing, isn't it? In any event, we gain a whole day for having flown around the world. Actually we have gained nothing as we lost the 24 hours gained in the process of our tour.

Lunch was served on the plane. Some of us catnapped in the afternoon, others reminisced. It seems ages ago when we were in Paris, Rome, even India. On the other hand we are having such a wonderful time we actually hate to return home!

At this time, while enroute to our last stop on the program, I asked each person to write on a slip of paper the answer to this question:

"What single place or incident did you enjoy most on this tour?"

The replies are very interesting.

Dr. Gordon Davis—One petite Geisha girl in Kyoto!

C. Fred Woodford—The reception with Ambassador John Sherman Cooper at New Delhi.

Dr. P. A. Dohomer—The Taj Mahal in the moonlight!

Harriett Dohomer—Hong Kong!

Alice W. Brown—The Regatta at Nehru Park in Srinagar, bagpipe band, native costumes, the maharaja.

Al Brown—Meeting my son, Ted, in Tokyo.

Dr. Conrad Nelson—The grand opportunity of seeing and hearing Prime Minister Nehru.

Hazel Nelson—Seeing Nehru and hearing his inspiring message to his people, the beauty of Kashmir, the skyline of Hong Kong at night, the pools and rock gardens at Myanoshita, Japan.

Betty Dickey—Paris, France!

Marion Dickey—A sky full of stars and the man says "pick out the prettiest!" It can't be done! I lived it all!!

Harlan Dickey—Jaipur; the last chapter in what was once the romantic, bejeweled India of the Maharajas.

Charles Woodward—Jaipur and Agra, where we rode elephants up the mountain, drove thru a "zoo" of wild animals for 140 miles, and ending it all with a trip that night to the Taj Mahal in the light of the full moon.

Larry Leenhouts—The evening of Oct. 28th, the cocktail party and disclosure of the cablegram sent my wife on occasion of our anniversary.

Paul Burge—Being able to find people who once worked in the Post Exchange with me at New Delhi!

Hazel Dean—There are so many I really hate to try to pick out any one thing. Two stand out perhaps more than the rest: Seeing the Taj Mahal by moonlight and the beauty of the mountains on the bus ride to Atami, Japan.

Ethel Earnhardt—I'll pick Bangkok, seeing people happy and utilizing what little they have.

Saucil Kaplan—The elephant ride at Jaipur and lunch on the floating restaurant at Aberdeen, Hong Kong.

Dr. Morris Kaplan—The spectacular 48 hours starting with seeing Nehru, driving to Jaipur, the elephant ride, driving to Agra, the Taj Mahal in moonlight. But the country I most want to return to is Japan!

Ethel Tompkins—The elephant ride and song, and the people who had so little, yet were happy.

Ida Caine—Hong Kong at night!

Mariette Page—Hong Kong's myriad of lights at night.

William M. Page—There are dozens!

Interesting to note in the above replies to my question is that many didn't stop at a "single place or incident" most enjoyed. Marion Dickey's statement just about tells the story for all of us. We lived it all and thoroughly enjoyed every minute of it. If we had to pick the most "uninteresting" place on this world tour, I don't think it could be done. All of it was intensely interesting, historical and educational.



WAIKIKI BEACH scene.



PORTION OF the new Princess Kaiulani Hotel at Honolulu, where the tour members stayed.

Hawaii

It was nearly 10 p.m. when we saw the lights of Honolulu from the air. We landed at beautiful Honolulu International Airport and began our siege thru Customs, the last one on our tour.

If you've ever left the country as a civilian, you know U. S. Customs is the toughest. Nearly everyone was compelled to open all their luggage for the inspector. In six weeks of tourist buying, there is plenty to go thru. It was well past midnight when the last one of our party finished.

Leaving the terminal building everyone received an orchid lei. Waiting taxis drove us the 9 miles to our hotel, the magnificent new (five months old) Princess Kaiulani, just off Waikiki Beach. Without a doubt this is the finest hotel of our tour, and surely the most expensive. The rooms are delightfully cheerful and the whole hotel built for plush living in a tropical climate.

The spacious lobby is open on the beach side, overlooking tropical gardens and a fresh water swimming pool. The weather, at midnight, is a mild 75 degrees.

Sport shirts of the "loudest" and most colorful patterns are worn by everyone.

Hawaii is surely all the travel ads say it is—a tropical paradise!

NOVEMBER 18—In store for us today is a full day's tour of Oahu Island, to be made in four 7-passenger limousines.

Your first impression of Honolulu and Waikiki in particular is that it is very much like Florida. But Florida has no scenic background like the jungle-covered mountains here. And, except for the beachfront and scattered pineapple and cane fields, the whole island is mountainous.

First stop on our sightseeing tour is the Dole Pineapple Co.'s cannery factory. In the outer lobby is a pair of faucets where visitor's are invited to drink all the cold pineapple juice they can hold. Then, a tour thru the factory where ripe pineapples are processed and canned. An interesting operation.

Leaving the cannery factory, we drove thru a section of the city on our way to Nuuanu Pali, at the edge of a sheer 1200-foot cliff on the east side of Oahu island. From here we looked down on the tropical Nuuanu Valley and the ocean, a magnificent view. We drove along the oceanside, rich with flowers of every description, having lunch at a typical Hawaiian restaurant on the north end of the island.

After lunch we continued our tour



Street scene in Honolulu.



PAUL BURGE, making like an aboriginal.



STREET BESIDE Kaiulani Hotel, looking toward Waikiki Beach.

around the island of Oahu, stopping for a snack of fresh pineapple at one of many fields, past Pearl Harbor where we saw the mast of the sunken battleship "Arizona" above the water, and arriving back at our hotel in late afternoon.

There is nothing more relaxing than to sit on the pretty veranda of the Princess Kaiulani, with or without a cold drink in your hand. Everyone in our group is doing it, and perhaps with a bit of sadness that our tour is nearly over.

NOVEMBER 19—Today we are at leisure until plane time this evening. A few of our people are staying over a few more days in this paradise, but 17 of us will catch the plane tonight for Los Angeles, San Francisco and Seattle, then the last plane ride to our home towns.

Many are taking the opportunity to shop in downtown Honolulu and along Waikiki Boulevard. Shops in the hotel district are unique and with a wide variety of imported merchandise, but expensive.

The Kaplans' two daughters and Mrs. Kaplan's mother have arrived to spend the next five days with them in Honolulu.

Many of our crowd are down at the beach, getting a sun tan to bring back with them.



HAWAIIAN RESTAURANT on east side of Oahu. Party is leaving for continued tour after lunch.

It is a sad but heart-warming sight in the late afternoon when those of us who must leave for the mainland are gathered with our luggage in the lobby. The goodbyes to the few who are remaining in Honolulu brought tears to some, a choked-up feeling to others. We had been six weeks, had seen and done so much together that it actually seemed like six months. It was like leaving part of your family in Honolulu!

Waiting for our plane in the Honolulu air terminal could be compared to a condemned man waiting to die. This is the last time our already shortened group would be together. Tomorrow we'd be home and the tour would be but a memory.

NOVEMBER 20—We were due to land at Los Angeles airport at 8 a.m., but the pilot announced the area was fogged in. If the fog didn't lift in a short time, we would land at Burbank instead.

As we approached the coastline, the pilot announced the fog would lift shortly and we would land at Los Angeles after all, but there were more than a dozen planes already circling the field and we would have to wait our turn to land.

We circled the field, 'round-and-'round, for an hour before our Stratocruiser landed.

Entering the terminal building, we said our final goodbyes and each went his or her separate way to board planes for their home towns.

Carol and I arrived back in Denver in late afternoon. We had flown completely around the world.

To say merely that the tour was a wonderful experience is far too inadequate. We had had a marvelous time and the longer we were home, the more impressive the tour seemed.

We had taken 1,000 pictures in those 45 days, and nearly all of them came out excellent. It is regrettable that space requirements do not permit the publishing of more of them. We hope to post the entire batch on a wall at the 1956 CBI Reunion at Houston for all to see.

A subscriber from Ohio called at our office the other day to see our pictures. Later he commented, "After seeing your pictures, I don't have to ask if you had an enjoyable tour. The pictures speak for themselves!"

Yes, we had a terrific time, thanks to the wonderful, congenial people who went along and helped to make it so. These memories will linger forever, and from time to time we'll continue to ask ourselves, "Did it really happen?"

—THE END.

Respect For Merrill

● Read with interest and pride — and not a little sadness — the story-tribute (Feb.) to our late Commanding General Frank D. Merrill. I remember well my first meeting with him which took place at Deogarh, India, where the 5307th Composite Unit was undergoing "Long Range Penetration Training." I was making notes around Headquarters tent for the unit history when the general approached and addressed me in Japanese and asked my name, rank and preoccupation. Our paths were to cross many times on the battlegrounds of Burma and in and around the less violent areas of New Delhi, and with each meeting my respect and admiration for General Merrill grew. His concern for his troops, his selflessness, modesty and quiet strength were often discussed and warmly applauded by the men of his command.

AKIJI YOSHIMURA
Colusa, Calif.

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SEVERAL FAMILIES with dozens of kids live in this makeshift shelter near Calcutta. Note the pet monkey tied to stake at left.



GRINDING GRAIN with water buffalo near 12th Air Service Group and CACW Headquarters at Peishiyi, China. Photo by Neil L. Maurer.

Memories of Delhi

● Every issue of Roundup is awaited with interest, but the February issue took all honors in my book. Having been stationed in New Delhi from March 1942 to June 1944 with the Signal Corps, attached to Hq. & Hq. Sq., 10th Air Force, I could hardly wait until the account of your Pilgrimage touched on New Delhi. We lived in the Marina Hotel and had our offices first in the British GHQ, and later in the Imperial Hotel, while they were building our barracks on Queensway, and the CBI Theater Headquarters building on Connaught Circle. In spite of the fact that the Headquarters building

our "Radio Center," is now demolished, nothing can erase the memories of the good old times and the headaches that we endured within its walls. And I can't believe that Davico's Restaurant is gone — the place where we could always go for something just a little better than fish and chips. Thanks for a well-written article.

JOHN E. SEIFERT,
De Witt, Iowa

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The Roundup

P. O. Box 1769
Denver 1, Colo.

The Jewel Racket



From *Phoenix*, 1945

By Anthony Marsh

MOGOK LIES high in the hills between Mandalay and Bhamo and it's the site of the world's largest ruby mine. If and when the precious red stones start trickling out to the world, as they did before the war, some of them are going to wind up in India and Ceylon. And the way things stand, that isn't particularly desirable. There can be too much of a good thing.

As it is now, an Allied service man can't walk down a street in Calcutta, Colombo or Delhi without wading thru a sea of glittering glass and scraping cat's-eye salesmen off his shoulders. It is possible to buy anything from a hunk of German beer bottle to a genuine ten carat emerald. And it is quite possible to pay the same price for both.

Gem-buying and gem ownership have become so common that it is a rare private first class who doesn't carry a star sapphire in his watch pocket. (He bought it from an alley peddler for a hundred rupees and knows where he can get two hundred for it.)

Broadly, there are three reasons why jewel buying has that gay and unsubstantial air usually encountered only by tightrope walkers: (1) You, the buyer, don't know gems, (2) the unethical dealer doesn't know gems, (3) the ethical dealer thinks he knows gems.

Everybody is feverishly working in the dark like so many blind cats in a roomful of enterprising mice. It's as unlikely that the cats will get a square meal as that you, the buyer, will get square deal. You have an idea that rubies are red, amethysts are sort of lavender, and star sapphires ought to have a star. The unscrupulous or ignorant dealer agrees with that and in addition knows how much he paid for a stone and what you'll have to pay in order to net him a 200% profit. Aside from that, he may be as confused about the whole thing as you are.

In Colombo alone there are now 120 jewelry shops, where before the war only a small fraction of that number did business. Most of them are run by candy dealers who fell from grace and wouldn't know a pearl from a peppermint stick. Some are victimized by jewel wholesalers who may charge them 50 rupees

for a piece of cut glass worth ten. Eventually, somebody is going to get socked a hundred and fifty for it so the dealer can keep his wife in sarees. And who will get socked? Nobody, brother, but you.

On the other hand, an honest and expert jeweler often cannot tell a genuine stone from an inferior synthetic—that's how good they're making them today—and it's nobody's fault if you're stuck. But you are stuck.

Victimization of servicemen has become so widespread in Colombo that the Red Cross now passes on complaints to a recognized expert in the field—Sardha Ratnavira, a graduate of the Gemological Institute of America and manager of Punchi Singho & Brother, jewelers, of Queen St. Ratnavira tests the stone, writes out an evaluation, and if the buyer has been obviously cheated the paper is authority enough for him to get his money back.

In spite of all this, servicemen go on buying "jewels" because it's the thing to do over here. You probably will join the parade. If so, there are a number of fundamentals a knowledge of which will help you come out reasonably even on the deal.

First thing to look for is an honest dealer. Go to a shop of reasonable size, not a hole in the wall. Small stores are not necessarily cheaper than others; most of their owners are ignorant of the trade, buy at high prices and sell in proportion. See that the store sells on a *fixed-price basis*. A good jeweler won't bargain with you, he doesn't have to. Next, when given a stone to examine, ask the dealer if it is (1) imitation, (2) synthetic, or (3) genuine. He will tell you. (This last, of course, doesn't prove a thing but by the time you finish reading this piece you may be able to tell whether he's lying or not. It's all one big game, friends, and a hell of a lot of fun.)

Imitation jewels are just that—pieces of glass or inferior stones cut to resemble the real thing. Like the "cony-dyed muskrat" and the "whipped-up cat" women run into when they seek a beaver coat, these imitations have high falutin' trade names. There's the "Rangoon diamond," for instance. It is not a diamond at all and may be offered as a "white

sapphire," "white zircon," "a variety of diamond found in Rangoon," and a "Ceylon diamond." A Ceylon diamond, so called, is really a genuine white zircon, but it costs more if you call it a diamond.

Pale blue quartz is sometimes sold as a Ceylon aquamarine or idolite. Some topaz is really nothing but quartz, and citrine quartz often masquerades as yellow sapphire. Cheap tourmalines are called zircons by many a GI owner.

A sort of imitation is the "doublet." This consists of a piece of glass being fused atop a real gem. It takes a microscope to pierce to the center of the stone and detect its falsity. To minimize the chance of detection, these stones are usually sold already mounted.

It can all be very confusing.

Fortunately, none of these imitations has the fire easily seen in the genuine stone and—unfortunately—in some synthetics.

Many synthetics are rather good, rather expensive and worth buying if it is understood from the start that they are synthetic and not genuine. Synthetic corundums and spinels—more trade names—have the same properties, the same qualities of hardness and color, as the real stone. The difference can only be detected by the aid of a microscope. Synthetics are often sold and bought unwittingly by honest dealers as true gems. That's how hard it is to differentiate between them.

Synthetics were made before the war by taking splinters and chips of real stones and fusing them by the application of terrific heat into one mass. The process was expensive and the trade was falling off when the war began. Now it is up again but inferior methods of manufacture, because of lack of machinery, have come into use. Most of the material is sent in rough form from Europe and cut in this part of the world.

TO PROVE that a stone is genuine, some dealers will put it to a number of "tests." They will put a tiny drop of water on the face of the stone and show you that the drop does not move from its position. They will rub the stone against a vertical pane of glass and the stone will stick there. They will place it between two coins, step on it, and the stone will not break. They will scratch glass with it.

While the salesman is going through this act, you might as well go out for a spot of lunch. The tests don't mean a thing. You can get one flat surface to cling to another merely by passing your finger over each. The natural oil makes

them stick. Similarly, a drop of water will remain round and whole on a piece of oily tin. If you can break anything harder than a hazel nut under a coin whose edges inevitably dip under pressure, you're a better man than that jeweler. And anything harder than glass will scratch it—and it doesn't have to be a genuine ruby, either.

Well, how can you tell the real McCoy? As the GI mumbled while staring at the Burmese signpost: That's hard to say.

The only certain safeguard is to have the stone appraised by a disinterested and expert jeweler. But there are certain basic qualities in jewels which indicate whether they were taken out of a mine or poured from a test tube.

Take the Alexandrite. That's an expensive and rare gem that changes color with the light. In daylight it's a fine, clear green and under artificial light it becomes a pale amethyst. A fake Alex under lamps will show a dark color, almost purple, and it will have a queer, mixed-up cloudiness besides.

There are few synthetic star sapphires but the range in quality of the stones is very great. Look for a clear, sharp star well centered on the stone. Lacking the clear star, color is the next consideration. Look for blueness, a deep blueness. Take a small blue one in preference to a larger, pale stone. The paler it gets, the more transparent it becomes, and the star dims. The best star sapphires have laminations. These are faint, diamond-shaped lines, one within the other and all deep inside the stone and centering on the center of the star. Don't buy a stone with the star off center unless the gem is deep enough so that the star can be centered in the setting. Pink star sapphires should be a real red, not pale.

Incidentally, these pink stones are often called "star rubies" but they're not. Star

CBI LAPEL PINS

Price only \$1.00 each

(Screw-on Type)

SEND FOR YOURS TODAY

They are tiny—only $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch high, $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch wide—but will catch the eye of any CBI'er you chance to meet.

Ex-CBI Roundup

P. O. Box 1769 Denver 1, Colo.

rubies are extremely rare and you'll probably never see one over here. All the very best stones of whatever kind go to New York and London where people demand the best and will pay top prices. And who can blame the jewelers for that? Nevertheless, a good stone bought here is worth, on the average, double the price back home.

If you can't find a star sapphire that meets your standard, and in preference to buying an inferior stone, it would be better to take a regular sapphire. The very best ones are a clear, deep blue. Don't take a weak, pale, watery one. However, a real sapphire of good quality sometimes has a cloudiness or sheen showing just below the surface as the stone is turned. That is called "silk" in the trade. Other true sapphires—and this is an indication of 100% genuineness—have laminations as described in the star sapphire.

The popular cat's-eye comes in two grades—chrysoberyl and quartz. Quartz is the cheaper; it is soft, loses its lustre quickly and cracks easily. In the chrysoberyl, the band of light moves freely from one side to the other. The color is even and clear, not marred by streaks or flaws in the stone. Look for clearness. In the cat's-eye, unlike the star sapphire, laminations are not an indication of good quality.

As for metal mountings for gems, it should be enough to say that most jewelers in the East are using nine carat gold and, in some cases, passing it off as a higher quality.

If, after all this, you're determined to stick both your neck and your wallet out to be chopped at, here's a price list of the stones most popular among service personnel in the CBI Theater. You might use it as a guide. (At this time as a guide to whether you were gypped during the war! or not!—Ed.

BLUE SAPPHIRE: very poor, Rs. 10 to 25 per carat; medium, Rs. 20 to 75; good, Rs. 100 to 300.

STAR SAPPHIRE: medium quality, Rs. 6 to 30 per carat; good, Rs. 50 to 100; very good, Rs. 125 to 150.

WHITE SAPPHIRE: poor, Rs. 3 to 10 per carat; good, Rs. 15 to 30.

WATER SAPPHIRE: (quartz) As. 8 to Rs. 2 per carat.

QUARTZ TOPAZ: all grades, Rs. 1 to 6 per carat.

ZIRCON: Rs. 7 to 60 per carat.

GARNETS: small, Rs. 2 to 7; very good up to Rs. 15.

CAT'S-EYES: quartz, Rs. 10 to 100 per carat; chrysoberyl, Rs. 100 to 300 per carat.

MOONSTONES: As. 8 to Rs. 2 per carat.

—THE END.

CBI DATELINE

News dispatches from recent issues of the
Calcutta Statesman and China News Analysis

BOMBAY—About 50,000 small wooden cases, containing food products and medical equipment—the new year gift of the people of the U.S.A. for free distribution in the States of Bombay and Madras—arrived here Jan. 9 aboard the American Export liner "Exchequer" from New York. The gift parcels were dispatched by the American relief organization, "CARE."

DIBRUGARH—The Assam Governor has inaugurated a six-mile long dyke to prevent land erosion along the banks of the Brahmaputra River here.

AGRA—A portion of the outer court-yard wall of the Taj Mahal, measuring about 25 feet by 15 feet, has collapsed. Several plaster breaks are also noticed on the walls of the side rooms in the main building.

POONA—India is well into its dry season. Cherrapunji, which normally experiences an annual rainfall of 600 inches, has had practically no rain in the months of December and January.

NEW DELHI—In furtherance of the State Government's policy of introducing gradual prohibition, all hotels, restaurants, clubs, and other places where liquor is served have been notified that their licenses will not be renewed after March 31, 1956.

DACCA—The United Front Government has adopted a short-term plan for abolishing Zamindaris (land-owners and money-lenders) by April 14th.

KALIMPONG—The Chinese authorities in Tibet have established a first class modern printing press at Lhasa from which Tibet's first daily newspaper will soon be published. The proposed newspaper will be published both in Chinese and Tibetan.

SHILLONG—Official circles here appear to be perturbed over the reports received of the massing of about 600 armed Nagas, equipped with Sten guns and other firearms obtained after World War II. They are stated to be terrorizing loyal Naga villagers and indulging in looting and arson.

"Z" Force

● Was Chief Clerk for the Forward Echelon of "Z" Force under command of Col. Harwood C. Bowman. Most of our time was spent with General Chang Fah Kwei and his army in and around Kweilin and Liuchow. We evacuated both airfields a day or two before the Japs took them over. We traveled by convoy, using jeeps and weapons carriers. The fields were destroyed by the 14th Air Force and they flew out a day or two after us. We were, for awhile, using the facilities of the 14th at Liuchow while remaining in radio contact with the Chinese Army which was engaging the Japs in and around Canton before the evacuation of Liuchow. Our unit was used mainly for observation and radio contact between the field and Chungking. Spent a year in Chungking as Sergeant-Major of Theater Headquarters under Col. Shaw, who was Adjutant General at the time.

CHARLES H. STEMM,
Kinderhook, N.Y.

R.O.A. Dept. President

● . . . As you will note from the letterhead, I am currently President of the Dept. of Maryland Reserve Officers Assn. I was retired from active duty with the Air

Force a year ago last June, having reached the statutory age limit of 60 . . . I returned to work as a senior engineer at the Glenn Martin Co., Baltimore Div. Last month I was walking thru the Design Integration section when to my surprise who should I see as a new employee but George A. Cornell, who was one of the engineering test pilots working for Col. Ed Schroeder at Eastern Sector Headquarters, ATC, Chabua. I also served with Col. Schroeder from Oct., 1943, both at Eastern Sector Hq. and at Wing Hq. at Hastings Mill until he left for the U.S. I knew a lot of officers at Chabua, Mohanbari, Sookerating, Jorhat, and Tezpur. Also spent some TD at Gaya under Col. Joe Mountain. Would like to hear from any of them.

KARL H. YOUNG,
500 Overcrest Rd.,
Towson 4, Md.

Lent No Texan?

● Just read the nice story on Ray Lent (Mar.). We are old buddies of the 436th Bomb. Squadron. He may be a Texan to some people, but to me he is a South Dakotan and our homes were within 30 miles of one another.

DONALD JUNGE,
Hayward, Calif.



BUSINESS FIRMS in New Delhi, seen from steps of Jama Masjid. Note upside-down charpois on roof of makeshift merchant's quarters in foreground, to keep the roof down.

APRIL, 1956

Easy-Chair Journey

● Your recent articles detailing the "Pilgrimage to India" are outstanding. I can assure you I have traveled every mile of the journey in the easy-chair. "My Tour to Assam," by Charles Woodward, gave me a sensation of uncomparable thrill to relive days gone by.

ERNEST MORF,
Salt Lake City, Utah

'Greatest Bomber'

● Thanks for the B-29 story, "Our Greatest Bomber," in the March issue. My only complaint is that it's too short. You've neglected the XX Bomber Command in past issues and I hope you'll be publishing another article on the B-29's before long.

JAMES CARNASS,
Bronx, N.Y.

B-29 Pilot Dead

● Friends of former Capt. Quentin Y. Jacques, XX Bomber Command, will be sorry to hear he was killed in an industrial accident near Cleveland last month. "Jack" was a pilot and, I understand, a close friend of General LeMay.

CARL E. WALKER,
Springfield, Ohio

No Burma Tour

● I was somewhat disappointed that your recent visit to "the old camping ground" did not include Ledo and the different parts of Burma that so many of us served in.

DONALD V. SHAFFER,
Grafton, W. Va.

159th Station Hospital

● Cyril Brink of the 159th Station Hospital and the 181st General Hospital died suddenly of a heart attack on Dec. 23, 1955.

WALTER HERMANSEN,
Chicago, Ill.

Permits are not issued to enter upper Burma, due to recent uprisings. To cover the site of all former U.S. installations in India would require far more time than we had.—Ed.

Changing Chowringhee

From *The Calcutta Statesman*

I SUPPOSE the woman who stopped on Chowringhee Road and said, "Can't you see it, the old road with its row of palaces and adjutant birds as thick as the cars are now," had a point. Many years from now when two aero-cars meet over Park Street corner, a woman will jam on the power brakes and say to a passing reporter, "Can't you see it, the old jazz-modern buildings and automobiles as thick as aero-cars are now."

For Chowringhee, as the center and showpiece of Calcutta, will forever change to stay abreast of the times. A cinema where an office was, offices where a bungalow sprawled. A skyscraper where three tiers of columns just topped the aging trees, and then perhaps, as the style changes, a burrowing into the earth where concrete once reached greedily into the air.

The war and the immediate postwar years saw little change on the great thoroughfare, so that a generation has grown up to forget that Chowringhee lives. From end to end it changed only with a new coat of paint or a growth of new hoarding and neon signs. The buildings, we believed, would be there until eternity—like Darbhanga House, the New Club, Continental Hotel and dignified No. 43.

Today I sat to watch workmen demolish No. 43 Chowringhee. I might be wrong but I believe No. 43 appears in Daniel paintings and old steel engravings of early Calcutta. Banana leaves thrust above the enclosing walls, and across the street are earthworks in which adjutant birds paddle to fish. Nearby are Impey's deer park, and the old theater. There are bullock carts on the road, a carriage, and at night a procession of dancing girls, torch bearers and armed bodyguards accompanying their master to a banquet at Government house. Concentrate, and you can slip back further into an age when jungle reached branches across this track to Kalighat, and dacoits waylaid pilgrims where Theater Road is now.

One can expect big changes in a couple of centuries, but it is the sudden collapse of the accustomed Chowringhee which is a trifle bewildering, even challenging, to a few who love landmarks as much as others love dogs. "They can't do it," an old resident growled when I remarked that Darbhanga house was up for demolition. But they obviously could and did. For quite a long while I found it impossible to confirm that the block of buildings between Surendranath Banerji Road and the Grand Hotel were to be demolished to make way for a grandiose block of offices and flats. The Continental Hotel, for instance, is to many as old as Calcutta itself. Mark Twain slept there. Within four years from today it will be a memory, within ten it will be buried beneath 16 stories of imposing concrete. Already the writing is on the wall; modern, neon writing, whose message spells Hindusthan Chowringhee Estate. Lost in the shadows behind this largest of all Calcutta's buildings will be the Old Empire Theater—the present Roxy Cinema, where ghosts still whisper familiar names, and the scent of first night bouquets still seems to linger in deserted dressing rooms.

Sad, but I suppose necessary, is the death sentence on Chowringhee's New Club, a charming example of colonial architecture and well-preserved at that. Beside it, great gaps in the Chowringhee facade show like missing teeth. To commissioned architects, these gaps represent well advanced modern buildings, and to innumerable long suffering flat seekers they mean an end to frustrating search. One person I know finds in them a strange significance. They all belong to insurance companies and his line of reasoning is that insurance is obviously where the money lies. Who, having spent an hour with any of the city's persistent insurance agents, can doubt the wisdom of my friend's surmise?

To me, more painful than the demolition of familiar and beautiful buildings is the survival of familiar but hideous ones. Like the psuedo Egyptian Victory Court, the drab-grey Samuel Fitz Building, Chowringhee Hotel and the Hall and Anderson sprawl of outmoded modernity. Disturbing also is the seeming disregard of modern requirements — wider pavements, a wider street, provision for parking.

There is, of course, another side of the street to Chowringhee, and that I hope will never change. Assailed as it is now by Hawkers' Market, covered bus stops, and disfiguring hoardings, let us hope that good sense will prevail to ensure for Chowringhee an unobstructed view of the maidan and a face always turned into the open air. —THE END

Book Reviews



BUGLES AND A TIGER. By John Masters. 312 pages. The Viking Press, New York, 1956. \$3.95.

The author of many popular novels laid in India tells his own story—his life as a young soldier in the Indian army up to World War II. His memoirs include adventures, battles, and regimental ceremonies.

THE MAN WITH THREE FACES. By Hans-Otto Meissner. 251 pages. Rinehart and Company, New York, 1956. \$3.50.

The espionage activities of Richard Sorge, a Far Eastern spy for Russia in World War II. He was a German living in Tokyo trusted by the Japs. The book tells how he lived and was eventually destroyed.

AMRITA. By R. Prawer Jhabvala. 238 pages. W. W. Norton and Company, New York, 1956. \$3.50.

A novel by an Indian writer laid in New Delhi in the days since Indian independence was gained in 1947. It is a story of conflict between the families of a young man and woman with Western and non-Western points of view.

THE UNITED STATES AND ASIA. By Lawrence H. Battistini. 370 pages. Frederick A. Praeger, New York, 1956. \$5.

A handbook on U. S. relations in Asia. This book serves as an introductory volume on the complex subject. It seeks to prove nothing, merely relating facts. China, Japan, and Korea is dealt with at more length than Southeast Asia.

WE THE JUDGES. By William O. Douglas. 480 pages. Doubleday and Company, New York, 1956. \$6.

This is a study in American and Indian constitutional law. This material was delivered by Justice Douglas as the Tagore Lectures at the University of Calcutta in the summer of 1955.

MACARTHUR. By Courtney Whitney. 547 pages. Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1956. \$6.75.

A new biography by a close friend and former member of MacArthur's staff. If you don't approve of MacArthur's conduct, the book will indicate to you that everybody has been out of step but the general during his lifetime.

SPOTLIGHT ON ASIA. By Guy Wint. 221 pages. Penguin Books, Baltimore, 1956. 65c.

Contemporary personalities, ideas, and social and economic structures of Asia, described by a reporter and correspondent of *The Manchester Guardian*. The book is paper-bound.

A HISTORY OF SOUTH-EAST ASIA. By Daniel Hall. 823 pages. Saint Martin's Press, New York, 1956. \$10.

A historical survey of India, Thailand, Burma, Indochina, Malaya, and Indonesia from their beginnings to the year 1950. This history is illustrated with maps.

THE LIFE OF RUDYARD KIPLING. By C. E. Carrington. 433 pages. Doubleday and Company, New York, 1956. \$5.50.

A biography of the famed writer of the British Empire's hey-day in India. The biography covers his life in India, England, and America. The author is an English editor and historian.

ONE HUNDRED POEMS FROM THE JAPANESE. Translated by Kenneth Rexroth. 164 pages. New Directions, Norfolk, Connecticut, 1956. \$3.50.

The original Japanese appears on the same page with the translation. There are explanatory notes and biographical matter about each poet and poem. Poets represented range from the 7th to 11th Centuries.

WHITE COOLIES. By Agnes Jeffrey. 204 pages. Philosophical Library, New York, 1956. \$3.75.

This book is an account of an Australian Army Nursing Sister's three and one-half years in a Japanese prison camp. Illustrated by J. P. L. Kickhefer. Also illustrated with map.

THE REPUBLIC OF INDONESIA. By Dorothy Woodman. 453 pages. Philosophical Library, New York, 1956. \$6.

A historical survey of the country, with a discussion of the modern problems of Indonesia. The author has studied extensively and traveled widely in Indonesia.

EQUATORIAL WEATHER. By I. E. M. Watts. 239 pages. Pitman Publishing Corporation, New York, 1956. \$12.

An analysis of equatorial weather, with examples drawn from equatorial Southeast Asia, where the author has been with the Malayan Meteorological Service.

TEACH YOURSELF JUDO. By Eric Dominy. 192 pages. Soccer Associates, New York, 1955. \$1.50.

This volume is one of a series of "teach yourself" books. It contains a brief history of judo, followed by 16 lessons explaining offensive and defensive holds.



Commander's Message

by
Robert E. Nesmith
National Commander
China-Burma-India
Veterans Assn.

Salaams, Sahibs and Memsahebs:

Mildred and I flew to Chicago for the Executive Committee meeting which was held in the Midwest Hotel. We decided it is time to get down to business and have a look at our progress since the last Reunion, and to plan for greater expansion this year. Believe me when I say that following in the footsteps of Chuck Mitchell is a job for seven league boots.

The meeting was very successful, current business being attended to and the major items of entertainment on the Reunion program being discussed and approved by all members present.

I am sure everyone will be glad to learn that our organization has increased its membership and that our national bank account has attained a substantial balance. With some of this money we will get more news in the CBI brochure and will send each member a new decal for his automobile. Some of you have purchased new models and your old decal went with the old car.

The Chicago Basha had made arrangements for us to dine at a Chinese restaurant located only one block from the hotel. Mildred and I were very grateful that it was located this near as the temperature was zero; we only lost our ears. To Harold Kretchmar of St. Louis goes our greatest admiration for his ability to eat. If everyone had his appetite there would be no farm surplus!

We have over 100 reservations made at the Shamrock Hotel in Houston at this time. Seventeen more were made

at Chicago. Everyone who is Houston-bound for the big CBI Reunion should make their reservations as early as possible. August 9-10-11 will be the dates and those who want to make a deep-sea fishing trip should arrive on the 7th. The fishing trip will be on the 8th.

More good news—children under 14 years of age will not be charged for rooms, so bring the kiddies. They will have their meals in the Kiddie Korral on ranch-style furniture and place their hats on the hitching rack. Prizes will be given to those children who eat all their food and drink their milk. You will read more about this in the brochure being prepared by Gene Brauer and his able staff.

There will be three days of good old Texas hospitality so bring those bathing suits, your blue jeans, and your CBI costume for the Puja. On the 9th you will have a rip-roaring time at the Western Party where you will have Texas-style barbecue, barbecued beans and all the Chuck Wagon extras. Then, you will dance to red hot tunes of our cowboy orchestra.

The 10th will find us on our way to the San Jacinto Monument, U.S.S. Battleship Texas, and San Jacinto Inn for a view of Texas history, and the big TEXAS-size meal of fresh shrimp, crabs, fish and chicken. You eat until you can't eat anymore. Back to the hotel and everybody in costume for the Puja night, which will be on TV, so all you television stars be on hand.

The 11th will be the Commander's Ball with dancing to sweet music and you'll be well fortified with a delicious dinner prepared by the chef of the Shamrock kitchen.

During the day there will be plenty of events to keep the entire family busy and happy. One of these will be a swimming party each morning to get everybody wide awake for the rest of the day. You will swim in the Shamrock pool which is the largest concrete swimming pool in the world, costing over \$1 million.

We hope more CBI-ers than ever before will plan to come this year. The Houston Basha has mapped out a real, enjoyable program and we know you'll leave Houston with the thought that you'd never had such a good time. And, don't leave the wife at home. There's plenty to do that will be both entertaining and enjoyable for the ladies as well as men. It's not too early to plan, and we'd like your reservations as soon as possible.

Fraternally,

ROBERT E. NESMITH,
National Commander,
3318 Aberdeen Way,
Houston 25, Texas

British Praise

● Reading Ervin Galbreath's letter in the March issue I feel impelled to write and assure him that a certain group of Britishers of which I was a member (The British Army Film Unit) fully appreciate and approve highly of the part played by the Americans in the CBI Theater. Being in very close contact with everything that happened in that area from 1943 on, we were only too well aware of the fact that, without the able assistance (not to mention equipment, supplies, and what-have-you) of the U.S. Army, we of the British Army might yet be some place in Burma—"fighting and dying," to quote his letter. And, Mr. Galbreath, if you should encounter this Britisher ever again, you might advise him that we, too, had our "Chairborne Commandos" as witness the hundreds of Englishmen who never saw anything of the CBI other than Firpo's or Maiden's Hotel. And, on the other hand, those of us who were really engaged in fighting the said campaign would readily recall the many GI's who were our constant companions and the many American units who went thru Burma alongside ourselves, and would offer the suggestion to anyone not in possession of all the facts to think twice before making derogatory comment relative to who did or did not win the



OFFICERS' TENTS, 12th Air Service Group area at Chihkiang, China. Note two men taking showers at right, another on way from the tent area to showers. Photo by Neil L. Maurer.

war in Burma. For my own part I am happy to have been associated with many GI's who were out there in Burma at the same time as I, and anyone (fellow Englishman or otherwise) who cherishes the notion that the Burma Campaign was a strictly British affair is talking the type of nonsense for which certain sections of the British public are justly renowned. Be assured, Mr. Galbreath, that the person with whom you spoke was airing the views of a very, very small minority of the British people. Certainly not those of anyone well informed.

ALEC TAYLOR,
Grosse Point, Mich.

'Postwar Bunglers'

● While my sojourn in the Far East was far from pleasant, I treasure many of the memories of those far-away places and of the men who

gave their years—and some of their lives—in a cause that proved to be utterly futile in such a short time thereafter. It was 775 days from the time I left San Francisco in 1942 until we landed at Miami in 1945, and I count all those days and dollars it cost America to send me on that world tour, a complete loss insofar as advancing America's cause in the world is concerned. Multiply that by the thousands of men who were sent to the CBI and it makes a terrifying total that was kicked away by postwar bunglers. It doesn't make my temper any better to realize the equipment, air-fields and the know-how we left there has all been turned over to the Red tide to be used against us—maybe against our own sons some day who may have to take the same long trek we did to retrieve the damaged prestige of the U.S.A.

ARTHUR M. KIENER,
Urbana, Ill.

Bangkok Air View

● Your account of the tour pertaining to Bangkok was interesting to me. We bombed hell out of the railway yards there during the war and I guess that air view is as close as I'll ever come to seeing the city again. I suppose the railway yards are reconstructed by now.

LESTER BALLINGER,
Phila., Pa.

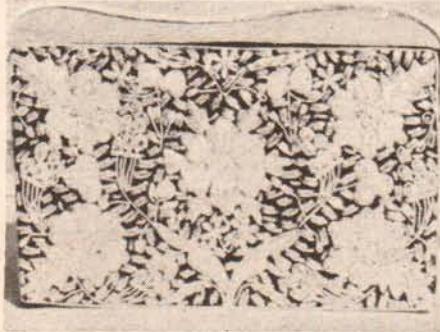
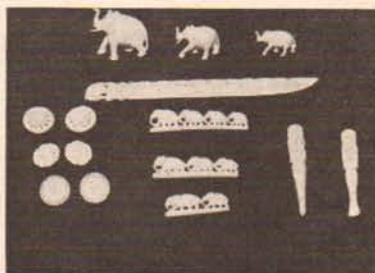
Never knew a bomb hit it today.—Ed.



BASE HEADQUARTERS at Liangshan, China, with officers' quarters in background on the hillside. Photo by Neil L. Maurer.

IT'S STILL ON THE WAY!

If you think you came home on a slow boat, be happy that you aren't accompanying our shipment of new merchandise from India! At last word, a portion of our order—brassware, wood carvings and sandal-wood jewel boxes—left Bombay on January 25th. We expect arrival in Denver about March 15th. The balance of our order will arrive who-knows-when.



Zari Embroidered Evening Bag

We have received a new shipment of these beautiful Zari Embroidered Ladies Evening Bags and have an assortment of over 100 different designs! We received a quantity discount this time and we are passing the savings on to you. Now you may buy these gorgeous first-quality bags for only \$7.50 each, plus 75 cents federal excise tax. All are embroidered with metal Zari thread on black velvet material. All are satin-lined. Designs include gold, silver, gold-and-silver, and colorful peacock. Specify your choice. At this new low price you'll want several for future gifts. Price \$8.25, including federal excise tax.

Since our original announcement on this page in the January issue, which outlined some of the merchandise we had ordered while in India, we have received many requests to "save" certain items from the shipment when it arrives. Due to the uncertainty of transportation and U. S. Customs charges, we cannot quote prices until after it has been determined. We will, however, be glad to keep your name and articles desired on file and you will be notified as to prices of the merchandise upon arrival in Denver.

All Orders Postpaid — Minimum Order \$5.00

Sacred Bulls

We have a few ceramic Sacred Bull and Water Buffalo figures. These are 5" high, 8" long. Beautiful detail. Sells for \$5.00 each. Your price \$3.75 each, postpaid.



Owned and Operated by Ex-CBI Roundup

P. O. Box 1769

ROUNDUP'S GUARANTEE

You must be entirely satisfied with your purchase or your money will be refunded cheerfully and immediately!

Denver 1, Colorado